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Shakespeare

SHAKSPERE'S
L U C R E C E:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1594,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM).

BY

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PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

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FOREWORDS TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

1594.

§ 1. In 1593, Shakspeare said 'to the Right Honorable Henrie Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield,' Hants, in the Dedication to him of *Venus and Adonis*—

"If your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour."

The Shakspeare student hardly needs the reminder, that neither the Poet nor the Noble, in those Elizabethan days, used or understood "honour" here in the frequent Victorian sense "confer honour" on one, as a Sovereign does on a subject. No; the word's meaning was "render honour and reverence to," as in the phrase "Honour God and the King," or, as Cotgrave has it, in 1611:—

"*Honorer.* To honour; renowme; reuerence; praise exceedingly, praise highly, respect verie much."

We cannot doubt that the young Earl both did "seeme pleased," and was really pleas'd, with Shakspeare's warm, yet fresh-scented Poem, which stird his blood as man and hunter, and charmd his sense of fancy and his ear. A staid and reverend counsellor of Southampton might justifiably feel that the classic Myth of the lustful Goddess, might well be followed by some (supposedly) true tale of Roman wifely love; and the Poet

next year redeemd his promise of performing "some grauer labour" to his noble friend's renown, by producing his "Lucrece," the history of her who held Honour dearer than Life, and gave her body to the grave, rather than bear within it the dregs of a villain's lust: Death more welcome to her than Shame.

§ 2. On May 9th, 1594, Shakspeare's second Poem was entered thus in the Stationers' Register (Arber's edition, ii., 648):—

9 Maij

Master harrison Entred for his copie vnder thand of **master Cawood**
Senior¹ warden, a booke intituled the Ravysment of Lu-
 crece vjd C

After quoting its title, and running title, the Cambridge Editors say of it and its after editions (*Camb. Sb.* ix., 13-15):—

"Copies of this [first] edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the British Museum, and the Library of Sion College. In the Bodleian there are two copies, differing from each other in some important readings [and from all other known copies in l. 1182: see below] which we have distinguished as Q1 (Bodl. 1) and Q1 (Bodl. 2). The former is marked 'Malone 34'; the latter 'Malone Add. 886.'²

The second edition was printed in 1598. In order to avoid a different notation, we have called this, though in reality an octavo, Q2. It has the following title:—

LVCRECE. | AT LONDON. | Printed by P. S. for John *Harrison*, 1598. |

A copy of this edition is in the Capell collection, which has been

¹ To him Richard Field, the publisher of *Venus and Adonis*, assignd that work on June 25, 1594 (Arber, ii., 310; and see *ib.* iii. 11, for Harrison's assignment to Wm. Leeke, on June 25, 1596).

25 Junij

Master Harrison Assigned ouer vnto him from Richard Field in open Court
Senior holden this day a book called Venus and Adonis . vjd
 The which was before entred to Richard Field. 18
 Aprilis (1593)

² These "important readings" are given afterwards at the foot of the text, and are as follows (I print the spelling of the catchword in the B. Mus. form):—

[line] 24 <i>mornings</i>] morning, Q1 (Bodl. 1.) 31 <i>Apologies</i>] appologie, Q1 (Bodl. 1.) 50 <i>Colatia</i>] Colatium, Q1 (Bodl. 1.) 125 <i>themselves betake</i>] himsele betake, Q1 (Bodl. 1.)	[line] 126 <i>wake</i>] wakes, Q1 (Bodl. 1.) 1182 <i>by</i>] for, Q1 (Bodl. 1. and Bodl. 2.) 1335 <i>blast</i>] blasts, Q1 (Sion Coll., Bodl. 1. & Bodl. 2.) [The Devonshire copy differs from all the others in reading <i>the...this</i> for <i>this...the</i>, in l. 1350.]
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collated by Capell with a copy of Q1, apparently that in Sion College Library.

The third edition, our Q3, also in small octavo, was published in 1600, with the following title :—

LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harrison. | 1600. |

The only copy of this edition with which we are acquainted is in the Bodleian Library. It is bound up with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1600, and was given by Farmer to Malone.

In 1607 appeared, also in octavo, what we have quoted as Q4. Its title is :—

LVCRECE. | AT LONDON. | Printed be N. O., for John Harrison. | 1607. |

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, it was re-issued with the author's name as "newly revised;" but as the readings are generally inferior to those of the earlier editions, there is no reason for attaching any importance to an assertion which was merely intended to allure purchasers. The title-page of this edition, which we call Q5, is as follows :—

THE | RAPE | OF | *LVCRECE*. | By | Mr. *William Shakespeare*. | Newly Reuised. | LONDON : | Printed by T. S. for Roger Jackson, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. | 1616. |

Copies of this edition are in the British Museum and the Bodleian.

The sixth...edition...appeared in 1624, with the following title :—

The | Rape | of | *Lvcrece*. | By | Mr. *William Shakespeare*. | Newly Reuised. | LONDON. | Printed by I. B., for Roger Jackson, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, | 1624.

A copy of this edition, which we call Q6, is in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum. Through the kindness of Mr. P. H. Frere, we have been enabled to collate another copy which formerly belonged to Sir John Fenn, the Editor of the *Paston Letters*.

Of these six editions, the fifth and sixth differ considerably in their readings from the first four, which follow each other without any important variations."

Of the seventh edition of *Lucrece* in 1632, which the Cambridge editors could not find a copy of in 1866, Dr. Aldis Wright tells me that he has since found two copies : "Heber's, mentioned in Bohn's *Lowndes*, is now in the possession of Mr. Christie Miller, at Britwell; and another is in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The latter I have collated, and find its readings, for the most part, agree with the later Quartos, and generally with Q8."

The eighth edition "appeared in 1655, and forms part of the same volume with Quarles's *Banishment of Tarquin*." (*Camb. Sb.* ix., 15.)

§ 3. Since I stated, in my "Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare" (1877), p. xxxv., the generally received probable sources of the *Rape of Lucrece*,* Prof. T. Spencer Baynes has put in an eloquent plea for Ovid being its real source (see *Fraser's Mag.*, May, 1880, p. 629-637): "the germ . . . was derived from Ovid . . . from the vivid dramatic sketch of the Tragedy which closes the second book of the *Fasti*." The Professor has shown, I think, that Shakspeare no doubt got his "golden threads" (l. 400) of Lucrece's hair, from Ovid's *flavique capilli*; that he may have taken his

"Haply that name of 'chaste' unhaply set
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite." (l. 8-9).

from Ovid's words that Sextus was pleas'd with Lucrece, because she was not corruptible "*quod corrumpere non est*;" that he may have taken (l. 677) Ovid's simile of the wolf and the lamb†—a natural one to any poet—from Ovid, as, by the way, Chaucer (and Gower) did before him:—

"Ryght as a wolfe that fynt a lambe alone,
To whom shall she compleyne, or makē mone?"—*Legende*, l. 1798-9.

and that Shakspeare may have also got from Ovid's

"Quid, victor, gaudes? haec te victoria perdet.
Heu! quanto regnis nox stetit una tuis!

'his repetition in various forms (see lines 717-721 and 693-714) . . . that the victory was a defeat, and would inevitably issue in Tarquin's destruction.'

Though Prof. Baynes's strenuous arguing leaves one under the impression that he wants to make Ovid the only source of Shakspeare's *Lucrece*, yet his words, and his slight of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (p. 637), nowhere assert that claim. He maintains that Shakspeare did use Ovid. I grant that he did; and I firmly

* Of none of the Ballads there mention'd, is any copy now known: 'the greivous complaynt of Lucrece' licenst to Jn. Alde in 1568 (Arber's *Transcript* i. 379); 'The Death of Lucryssia,' licenst to James Robertes in 1570, (*ib.* i. 416); and a ballad of the legend which Warton says was printed in 1576 (*Var. Shaks.*, xx. 100). I should have added Gower, *Conf. Am.* ii., 251-264.

† See note 2, p. xiii. below.

believe that he used Livy, or some other Latin historian too. For when we take with the poem, as we are bound to do, the admirably-stated prose "Argument" set before it—Shakspeare's only long piece of non-dramatic prose—we see at once that Shakspeare has in that, details which Ovid did not give him. Neglecting the first lines about Tarquinius Superbus, and the general feeling that we are dealing with an Abstract of a (so-called) History, we find the statement that, on Lucrece's call, her father came "accompanied with Iunius Brutus," and Collatine "with Publius Valerius." The latter is not mentioned by Ovid, who only says that the father and husband both came to Lucrece—impliedly alone—and that when she had stabd herself, "*Brutus adest*," Brutus is by. Livy and Painter both give the companions' names. Again, the first part of Shakspeare's statement that "bearing the dead body to Rome," Brutus told the people "of the vile deede," is neither in Ovid, Livy, nor Painter. Chaucer may have been the source of this statement, as he—though professing to follow Ovid and Livy only—puts Lucrece's self-murder at Rome, (so does Gower,) and makes her carried through all that town on a bier, whereas Livy and Ovid both make her body shown in Ardea only. (Shakspeare can have got nothing from Lydgate's long list in his *Falles of Princes* (bk. II., ch. v., and III., v.), or from Valerius Maximus (*Fact. et Dict. Mem. Lib. VI. i. 1*), Diodorus Siculus or Dio Cassius¹ (who each tell the story very shortly) or Dionysius Halicarnassensis, iv. 72, who tells it at great length. Both Diodorus and Dionysius make Sextus offer to marry Lucrece and turn her into a Queen.)² Further, I think that Shakspeare's account of Sextus pressing Lucrece's breast with his hand,

His hand, as proud of such a dignitie,	437
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to take his stand	
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;	439
Whose ranks of blew veins, as his hand did scale,	
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.	441

¹ Ed. Bekker, 1849, i. 12.

² Booth's englishing of *D.S.*, 1700, p. 747. Shakspeare's making Sextus pen Lucrece's 'piteous clamors in her head,' 'with the nightlie linnen that shee wears,' is doubtless his own invention, as Grant White identifies the 'linnen' with the 'night-rail' of the nightgownless Elizabethan time.

is rather from Livy's *sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso*¹ than Ovid's *positis urgentur pectora palmis*, which (with its context) implies that Sextus put his right hand (which held his sword), as well as his left, on Lucrece's breasts.

I shall now print first, "The Rape of Lucrece" from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,—a book which we know that Shakspeare used for his *Measure for Measure* and other plays, and from which he may have taken the title for his poem;—and second, the story from Ovid's *Fasti* or poem on the Roman Festivals: this I shall give mainly from Mongan's literal translation, inasmuch as the Latin of many of our subscribers, and the other Shakspeare students who will read these forewords, may be even rustier than mine. Painter is but Livy, with some changes and omissions.

[I. William Painter. *The Palace of Pleasure* vol. i. (1566), leaf 5.]

¶ THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

¶ *Sextus Tarquinius* rauisheth *Lucrece*, who bewailng the losse of her chastitie, killeth her self.

¶ *The Seconde Nouell.*

GReate preparacion was made by the *Romanes* against a people called *Rutuli*, who had a citie named *Ardea*, excellng in wealth and riches, whiche was the cause that the *Romane* kyng, beyng exhausted and quite voide of money, by reason of his sumptuous buildynges, made warres vpon that countrie. In the tyme of the siege of that citee, the yong *Romane* gentlemen banqueted one an other; emonges whom there was one called *Collatinus Tarquinius*, the sonne of *Egerius*. And by chaunce thei entred in comunicacion of their wiues, euery one praisng his seuerall spouse. At length the talke began to growe hotte, wherevpon *Collatinus* said, that wordes wer vaine; For within fewe howers it might be tried, how much his wife *Lucrecia* did excell the rest. "Wherefore (*quod* he) if there be any liuelihod in you, Let vs take our horse, to proue whiche of oure wiues doth surmount." Whervpon thei rode to *Rome* in poste.

¹ Painter says only, 'keping her doune with his lefte hande.'

At their coming, thei found the kynges doughters, sportyng themselves with sundrie pastymes. From thence thei went to the house of *Collatinus*, where thei founde *Lucrece*, not as the other before-named, spendyng the time in idlenes, but late in the night occupied and busie emonges her maides in the middes of the house, spinning of Wolle. The victorie and praise wherof was giuen to *Lucretia*, who, when she sawe her husbände, gently and louingly interteigned hym, curteously biddyng the *Tarquinius* [lf. 5, back] welcome. Imediatlie *Sextus Tarquinius*, the sonne of *Tarquinius Superbus* (that tyme the *Romane* kyng), was attached and incensed with a libidious desire, to construprate and defloure *Lucrece*. When the yong gentlemen had bestowed that night pleasantlie with their wiues, thei retourned to the Campe.

Not long after, *Sextus Tarquinius*, with one man, returned to *Collatia* vnknown to *Collatinus*, and ignoraunte to *Lucrece* and the reste of her houshold, for what purpose he came. Who beyng right hartely interteigned, after supper was conueighed to his chamber. *Tarquinius*, burnyng with the loue of *Lucrece*, after he perceiued the housholde to bee at reste, and all thynges in quiet, he with his naked sworde in his hande, goeth to *Lucrece*, beyng a slepe, and kepyng her doune with his lefte hande, saied: "Holde thy peace, *Lucrece*! (*quod* he). I am *Sextus Tarquinius*: my sworde is in my hande: if thou crie, I will kill thee!" The gentlewoman beyng sore a-fraied, newlie awaked out of her slepe, and seying imminent death, could not tell what to doe. Then *Tarquinius* confessed his loue, and began to intreate her, and therewithall vsed sundrie menacyng woordes, by all meanes attemptyng to make her quiet: when he sawe her obstinate, and that she would not yelde to his requeste, notwithstanding his cruell threatens, he added shamefull and villanous woordes, sayyng: "That he would kill her; and when she was slaine, he would also kill his slaue,¹ and place hym by her, that it might be reported she was slain, beyng taken in adulterie." She, vanquished with his terrible and infamous threate, His fleshlye and licencious enterprise ouercame the puritie of her chast harte: which doen, he departed.

Then *Lucrece* sente a poste to *Rome* to her father, and an other to *Ardea* to her housbände, requiryng them that thei [leaf 6,] would make speede to come vnto her, with certaine of their trustie frendes, for that a cruell facte was chaunced.

Then *Sp. Lucretius* with *P. Valerius* the soonne of *Volesius*, & *Collatinus* with *L. Iunius Brutus*, made haste to *Lucrece*. Where thei founde her sittyng, verie pensife and sadde, in her chamber.

¹ Ovid has no possessory epithet for the slave, only 'famulum.' Shakspeare says better, 'some worthless slave of thine.' (l. 515 and 1632.)

x. § 3. THE SOURCES OF *LUCRECE*: PAINTER'S PAL. OF PLEASURE.

So sone as she sawe them, she began pitiouslie to weepe. Then her housebande asked her whether all thynges were well ; vnto whom she saied these woordes :—

“ No, dere housebande ! for what can bee well or safe vnto a
“ woman, when she hath loste her chastitie ? Alas, *Collatine*, the
“ steppes of an other man, be now fixed in thy bedde ! But it is my
“ bodie onely that is violated, my minde (God knoweth) is giltles,
“ whereof my death shalbe witnesse. But if you be men, giue
“ me your handes and trouthe, that the adulterer maie not escape
“ vnreuenged. It is *Sextus Tarquinius* who (beyng an enemie, in
“ stede of a frende) the other night came vnto me, armed with
“ his sworde in his hand, and by violence caried awaie from me,
“ and tooke to himself a pestiferous ioye.”

Then euery one of them gaue her their faith, and comforted the pensife and languishyng ladie, imputing the offence to the auctor and doer of the same, affirmyng that her bodie was polluted, and not her mynde ; and where consente was not, there the crime was absent. Wherevnto she added, “ I praie you consider with
“ your selues, what punishment is due for the malefactour. As
“ for my parte, though I clere my self of the offence, my
“ bodie shall feelee the punishement ; for no vnchast or ill woman
“ shall hereafter take example of *Lucrece*.” Then she drew out a knife, whiche she had hidden secretly vnder her kirtle, and stabbed her self to the harte. Whiche doen, she fell doune grouelyng vpon her wounde, and so died.

Wherevpon her father [*leaf 6, back*] and housebande made greate lamentacion ; and as thei were bewailyng the death of *Lucrece*, *Brutus* plucked the knife out of the wounde, whiche gushed out with abundance of blood, and holdyng it vp, saied : “ I swere by
“ the chaste blood of this bodie here deade,—and I take you the
“ immortall Goddes to witnesse—that I will driue and extirpate
“ out of this Citie, bothe *L. Tarquinius Superbus*, and his wicked
“ wife, with all the race of his children and progenie, so that none
“ of them, ne yet any others, shall raigne any longer in *Rome*.” Then he deliuered the knife to *Collatinus*, *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, merueilyng at the straungenesse of his woordes, And from whence he should conceiue that determinacion. Thei al swore that othe, And folowed *Brutus* as their capitaine, in his conceiued purpose. The bodie of *Lucrece* was brought into the markette place, where the people wondred at the vilenesse of that facte, euery man complainyng vpon the mischief of that facinorous rape, committed by *Tarquinius*. Wherevpon *Brutus* perswaded the *Romanes*, that thei should cease from teares and other childishe lamentacions, and take weapons in their handes, and shewe themselves like men . . . And after a guarrison was placed and

bestowed at *Collatia* . . . The reste of the souldiours followed *Brutus* to *Rome* . . . the people, out of all places [*leaf* 7] of the citie, ran into the market place. Where *Brutus* complained of the abhominable Rape of *Lucrece*, committed by *Sextus Tarquinius*: whervnto he added, the pride and insolent behauour of the kyng, the miserie and drudgerie of the people, and how thei, which in tyme paste were victours and Conquerours, were made (of men of warre) Artificers and Labourers. . . . These and suche like he called to the peoples remembraunce, whereby thei abrogated and deposed *Tarquinius*, banishyng him, his wife and children. Then he [*Brutus*] leuied an armie of chosen and piked men, and marched to the campe at *Ardea*. . . . When *Tarquinius* was come to *Rome*, the gates wer shutte against hym, and he hymself commaunded to auoide into exile. . . . Then *Tarquinius* with his children fledde to *Cære*, a citie of the *Hetrurians*. And as *Sextus Tarquinius* was goyng, he was slain by those that premeditated reuengement of olde murder and iniuries by hym doen to their predecessours. This *L. Tarquinius Superbus* raigned xxv. yeres. The raigne of the kynges from the first foundation of the citie continued CC.xliij. yeres. After which gouernement, two *Consuls* wer appointed for the order and administracion of the Citie. And for that yere, *L. Iunius Brutus* and *L. Tarquinius Collatinus*.

II. OVID'S *FASTI*, BOOK II., l. 685, &c., literally translated by R. Mongan, B.A., p. 40—5 (with slight changes here and there).

(Book II., l. 685.)—Now the banishment of the king [*Tarquinius Superbus*, A.D. 13] must be described by me. From that [circumstance] the 6th day from the end of the month [VI. Kal. March, Feb. 24] has obtained its name [*i.e.* the '*Regifugium*,' or 'Flight of the King']. . . . In the meantime, *Ardea* is being surrounded by the Roman standards, and endures a tedious siege. Whilst there is leisure, and the enemies fear to engage in battle, amusement goes on in the camp; the soldier passes idle hours. The youthful *Tarquinius* entertains his companions with banquets and with wine, and [he, also in craft] the offspring of the King, says:—"While *Ardea*, difficult [to be taken], detains us in protracted war, and does not allow us to bring back our arms to the gods of our country, are our wives [*lit.* the nuptial couch] faithful to us? and are we, at all, subjects of mutual anxiety to our wives?" Each one praises his own [consort]: in their vehemence, the dispute increases, and both tongue and heart grow warm with copious wine. He arises, to whom *Collatia* had given a distinguished name. "There is no need of words;

believe facts," he says. "More than enough of the night still remains; let us mount our horses, and seek the city." His suggestions pleased them; their horses are bridled [*lit.* are reined in by the bridles]. They had now brought their masters over the journey; immediately they seek the royal dwellings; at the door there was no sentinel. Lo! they find the daughter-in-law of the King, the chaplets having fallen down upon her neck, passing the night awake, with wine placed before her. Thence, with quick step, Lucretia is sought for [*i.e.* is visited]; the work-baskets and the soft wool were before her couch. By the scanty light her handmaids were spinning their allotted tasks, amongst whom, in gentle tones, she thus is speaking:—"There must be
 "sent to our master (now, now hasten, ye maids!) as soon as
 "possible a [military] cloak wrought by our hands. But what
 "[intelligence] have ye heard? for ye are accustomed to hear
 "more [news than I can]. How much of the war is said to be
 "still remaining? Odious Ardea, soon conquered, thou shalt
 "fall; thou art opposing better men; thou who compellest our
 "husbands to be absent. O, may they only soon be returning!
 "But that husband of mine is rash, and rushes on anywhere
 "when his sword is drawn. My reason fails me, and I [feel as
 "if I] am dying, as often as the image of him fighting occurs
 "[to my thoughts], and an icy chillness seizes my breast." She concludes with tears, and lets fall the tight-drawn [*intenta*] threads, [*or*, loosens the commenced (*incæpta*) threads], and dropped her face in her bosom. This very act became her; her chaste tears became [*decuere*] her [*or*, fell (*cecidere*)], and her [fair] face was worthy of, and corresponding to, her [gentle] disposition. "Lay
 "aside thy fears; I am coming," exclaims her husband. She revived, and hung as a delicious burden on the neck of her husband. In the meantime, the royal youth [Sex. Tarq.] conceives an insane passion, and rages [within himself], carried away by blind desire. Her form pleases him, and her snow-white complexion [*niveusque color*], and her auburn hairs [*flavique capilli*], and the comeliness which was in her, unadorned by any art. Her words please him, and her voice, and the fact that she is not to be corrupted [*et quod corrumpere non est*]; and the less hope there is, on this account, the more he desires.

(l. 767.) And now the bird, the herald of the dawn, had uttered his notes, when the young men are returning to their camp. He [Sextus] is tortured in his maddened feelings by the image of the absent [Lucretia]; more [good qualities of her] become more pleasing to him recalling them to mind. Thus she sat; thus she was arrayed; thus did she spin; thus her neglected tresses lay on her neck. These features she had; these were her words;

this was her comeliness ; this her form [*haec facies*] ; this the complexion of her countenance [*hic color oris*]. As the billow is accustomed to sink down after a great tempest, but as the wave still swells, in consequence of the wind that has been [raging], so, although the presence of her form that pleased [him so] was absent, that passion which her form when before him had excited, still remained. He burns : and impelled by the incentive of unlawful desire, he plans violence and deceit against a couch undeserving [of it]. "The issue is doubtful ; we will dare the "utmost," he said ; "let chance or the deity see to it, whichever "of them assist the bold. By daring, also, we conquered "Gabii."¹

(l. 783). Having said such [words], he girds his side with the sword, and mounted [*lit.* pressed the back of] his steed. Collatia receives the youth within her brass-barred gate, when the sun was now preparing to conceal his disk. A foeman, as a friendly guest, he enters the house [*penetralia*, shrines, or recesses] of Collatinus ; he is courteously received ; he was connected by relationship [*sanguine junctus erat*]. How much delusion is there in the minds [of human beings] ! Unconscious of the results, she unhappy prepares the banquet for her foe. He had finished the repast ; the appropriate [*sua* their own] hours demand repose. It was night, and there were no lights throughout the whole house. He arises, and draws from its scabbard the golden-hilted sword, and, O chaste matron, comes into thy chamber. And, as he pressed the couch, he says :—"My sword, Lucretia, is here "with me. It is I that speak ; Tarquinius, the son of the king !" She made no reply, for she has no voice, nor strength to speak, nor any [presence of] mind in her entire breast. But she trembles, as [does] the little lamb, when, sometimes having been caught after leaving the fold, it lies beneath the hostile wolf.²

What can she do ? Shall she contend against him ? [She,] a woman, will be vanquished in the conflict. Shall she cry aloud ? But in his right hand is the sword which will kill her [*necet*]. Shall she fly ? Her breasts are held down by his hands placed upon them [*positis urgentur pectora palmis*]³, breasts now for the first time touched by a strange hand [*externa pectora tacta*

¹ He sought the hostile city, as a pretended fugitive, was trusted by its inmates, and then betrayd them.

² Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,
Parva sub infesto quum jacet agna lupo.

³ Livy is more like Shakspeare, 437-9 : 'sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso.'

manu]¹. Her impassioned enemy urges her with entreaties, with bribes, and with threats. [But] neither by prayer, nor bribe, nor threats, does he move her. "Thou gainest nothing [by denial]," he said; "I will take away thy life for the purpose of criminating thee [*pro crimine*: or, *per crimina*, by criminal means]; a fictitious adulterer shall be witness of thine adultery. I will kill a slave with whom thou shalt be reported to have been detected." Overcome by fear of infamy [*famae*], the lady yielded.

(l. 811.) Why, O conqueror, dost thou rejoice? This victory shall ruin thee. Alas! how great a price did that one night cost to thy sovereignty!

(l. 813.) And now the day had begun; she [Lucrece] sits with dishevelled hairs, as a mother is wont to do when about to go to the funeral pyre of her son. Her aged father, along with her faithful spouse, she summons from the camp; and, delay having been cast aside, they both come. When they see the condition [of her robes], they ask what is the cause of her mourning; for whom she is preparing the funeral rites, or with what affliction she has been smitten. She is silent for a long time, and, overcome with shame, conceals her face with her robe. Her tears gush forth like an ever-flowing fountain. On the one side her father, on the other, her husband, soothe her tears, and implore her to tell [the truth], and they lament and tremble with an undefined [*caeco* blind] fear. Thrice she tried to speak, thrice she failed; and having-made-the-attempt for the fourth time, she did not even then raise her eyes: "Shall we owe this [insult] also to Tarquinius? I will declare the end, I myself, unhappy, will declare my dishonour." She relates all that she can. The rest remained [untold]; she wept, and her matronly cheeks blushed. Her father and her husband grant her pardon, as having been forced by compulsion. "That pardon (she said) which you grant me, I myself deny." No delay [follows]; with a hidden dagger she stabs her breast, and, streaming with blood, falls at the feet of her father. And even then, when now expiring, she looks back, lest she may fall unseemingly: this was the case of the woman as she fell.

(l. 835.)—Lo! both her husband and her father, forgetful of their dignity, lie over her body, lamenting their common loss.

¹ 'A pair of maiden worlds unconquered' is Shakspeare's rendering of this: on which Mr. Grant White somewhat hypercritically remarks: 'An unhappy use of the epithet [maiden], which Collatinus and Lucrece would have alike resented. It is worthy of remark as a striking instance of that heedless misuse of language which is so common in the plays, and as very rare in these poems.'—*Riverside Shakespeare* ii., 809. But Shakspeare's next line, 'Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,' shews that he used 'maiden' here as we do of a castle, which admits its own lord but not a foe.

Brutus is by, and at last by his spirit belies his name [*i.e.* of idiot], and tears from her half-living body the dagger fixed in it. And holding up the blade [*cultrum*], dripping with the noble blood, he uttered with threatening lips these dauntless words:—
 “ I swear to thee, by this noble and unpolluted blood, and by
 “ thy Manes, which shall be to me a deity, that Tarquinius, along
 “ with his exiled family, shall pay the penalty [of this deed].
 “ Now, long enough, has my valour been concealed.” She, lying prostrate, at these words moved her sightless eyes, and by shaking her tresses seemed to approve of what had been spoken. This matron of heroic [*virilis*] mind is carried to her obsequies, and bears with her the tears and indignation [of the multitude]. The gaping wound is exposed to the sight of all. With loud voice, Brutus rouses the Quirites, and relates the impious deeds of the King. Tarquinius flies [*i.e.* is expelled] with his offspring. The Consul assumes his annual authority [*jura*]. This was the last day of royal power.

Professor Baynes adds (*Fraser*, May 1880, p. 637-9), on the picture or ‘painted cloth’ of the Siege of Troy, “a piece of skilful painting made from Priam’s Troy,” l. 1366, &c.

The “*Lucrece*” also contains, as the critics have pointed out, evident marks of indebtedness to Virgil. The elaborate details in the pictured “Fall of Troy,” which helps to beguile the sad interval before the arrival of Collatine and his friends, seem clearly derived from the second book of the *Æneid*. There is an obvious connection between the general cause or ground motive of the more famous tragedy and *Lucrece*’s own dark fate. But by a skilful stroke the immediate agent in the ruin of cloud-kissing Ilion is associated as a kind of prototype with the destroyer of *Lucrece*’s peace. The most prominent figure in the pictured tragedy as described by *Lucrece* is Sinon, and Sinon represents the same union of outward truth and inward guile, of saintly seeming and diabolical purpose, which had secured for Tarquin his fatal triumph.

This ominous resemblance acquires all the greater significance from the fact that Tarquin himself had recently acted the part of Sinon in relation to the besieged inhabitants of Gabii. By his crafty fraud and spotted treachery (unusual among the Romans, as Livy carefully notes) he had, in fact, brought about the ruin of their city after it had been assaulted in vain. Like Sinon, having gone to the citizens of Gabii as a suppliant outcast, with a forged tale of woe, and displaying in his person the marks of cruel usage, Tarquin had roused their sympathy, and

secured a welcome which he turned to account by conspiring against his friends and benefactors, and compassing their speedy destruction. Lucrece must have been well acquainted with this sinister exploit, and it would almost inevitably recur to her mind while gazing on the innocent-looking figure of perjured Sinon. In thus weaving Virgil's narrative of the fall of Troy,¹ into Ovid's story of Lucrece, Shakespeare utilised his early studies, and produced in his own modest words a "pamphlet" of "untutored lines," which remains a unique example of pictured sorrow.

With regard to Shakspeare's treatment of his sources, he of course saw that it would never do for him, dealing with the *Rape* of Lucrece, to imitate Chaucer in following Ovid's and Livy's examples, and give nearly half his poem to the mere preliminaries of the visit of Collatine and Sextus to Rome, before Sextus's start thither alone. Chaucer devotes 95 lines out of 206 to these; Ovid, 64 out of 132; and Livy, 1 chapter out of 4. So—as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *King John*, and many plays, and more acts—Shakspeare, in his first line, plunges into the middle of his subject:—

“From the besieged Ardea, all in post,” &c.

(Take but one of the scores of parallel first-lines in his Acts—*LLL. IV. i.*:—

“Was that the King, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steepe uprising of the hill?”)

Then of course, as he'd have to put his full strength into the description of Lucrece in bed, he could not follow Ovid in letting Sextus dwell on her beauty and ways, when he told how the treacherous King's-son, in the Camp before Ardea, came to resolve on attempting her virtue. Lastly, at the end of the Poem, Shakspeare felt that he must give more prominence to Lucrece's father and husband than any of his authorities did, and must also—if he had Livy before him—not be tempted into expanding Livy's admirable sketch of Brutus's spirited speech in the market-place at Rome. His subject was Lucrece;

¹ Note with how much more sympathy Shakspeare treats both Greeks and Trojans here than he does in *Troilus and Cressida*.

and only so far as she was concernd, was any one else to be notist. But it *is* odd that, after he had given Lucrece's injunction "let the Traitor die," 1686, he did not take from Painter or Livy the murder of the ravisher Sextus, and thus point the moral of his Tale, which now is incomplete.

§ 4.—In 1591-4 we are in Shakspeare's Passion Period. Juliet opens it, with her—

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds
Towards *Phæbus* lodging. . . .
Spred thy close Curtaine, Loue-performing Night,
That runawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene!
. . . . Come, ciuill Night
And learne me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainesse Maidenhoods.

R. & J. IV. i. 13.

Venus is the abuse, the degradation of this passion, as Tarquin is of Romeo's. And as Venus pressing her unwanted love on Adonis, had a precedent in Shakspeare's nearly contemporary play, *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Helena pursuing Demetrius,—so Tarquin had a foregoer in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (the link-play between the Comedy-of-Errors and Passion Groups) in the false Proteus threatening to force Silvia, the love of his friend Valentine:—

"*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme,
Ile woo you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue; force ye!
Sil. Oh Heauen!

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire!"

To me, the *Venus* and *Lucrece* fit naturally into their places in Shakspeare's growth. That he threw himself more into the former poem, and proportiond it better, cannot be denied. He wrote it more 'rejoicing in his strength,' than 'gravely labouring' as in *Lucrece*. Less conceitful,* less faultful, though the *Lucrece*

* The *Lucrece* still has many conceits, as in 1604-5, giving fire thrice to the loaded gun, sorrow, with sighs, before it will discharge or go off; 1226,

is, it can only set its description of its heroine in bed, 386—399, above the level of its earlier rival; while its long-drawn lamentations of its "hopeless cast-away"—doubtless following those of Chaucer's forsaken deserted Troilus—weaken the effect of the poem, and prevent its holding any high place in the love and admiration of Shakspeare students. The woes of good women will not bear too much elaboration; they pall. Chaucer tried it, and started to get through scores of them in his *Legende*; but he wound up with the tenth, and ended his ninth with the jocose—

"Beware, ye women, of your subtile fo
And trustith now in loue, no man but me."

Nevertheless, *Lucrece* is a great performance, tho' not an inspiration; full of power of varied kinds which none but Shakspeare had. Its analysis of motive and feeling was to culminate in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*; its bed-room scene to reappear in *Cymbeline*; and its wrongd heroine, under varied names, in *Much Ado*, *Othello*, *Winter's Tale*, &c., in those suffering women who were the choicest creations of Shakspeare's genius. Happily, in drama, they talkt less than their prototype in *Lucrece*.

On the poem generally, my colleague, Mr. P. Z. Round (who once hoped to find time to write the Forewords to this Facsimile) has kindly handed to me the following notes:—

"*Lucrece* was probably never so much read as *Venus and Adonis*. Yet there are more portions of worth in *Lucrece* than in its predecessor. But the length and style of treatment perhaps brought it out of favour. Especially towards the latter part it is exceedingly episodic. Thus the long passage on the picture of the Siege of Troy, lines 1366-1456, is merely one description; which is *continued* in 1499-1526.* It cannot be alleged that this episode is interesting enough to justify its treatment being so long-drawn-out, a reason which *does* justify the similar case of the 'Ariadne' episode in Catullus's *Epithalamium Pelei et Thetidis*—again a picture-description. The subject recurs in *Hamlet*.

the earth weeping dew at sunset; 721, Sextus's crime-staind soul being 'the spotted princess' of its ruind temple; the sky being sorry, and the little stars shooting from their places, when their mirror, Troy, fell, 1523-6, &c., &c.

* With lines 1525-6 it is worth while to compare *M.N.Dream* II., i. 150.

"This is the longest digression ; but the poem is continually strewn with short illustrations. There are 'moralisings' which one would expect to have been sorted out for some '*Flores Shakspeareanæ*' long ago. For instance, lines 334-6 ; 560 ; 647-8 ; 684-5 ; 853-4 ; 1109-19 ; 1216 ; 1329-30. Similes, some lengthy, are (for instance) 372-7 ; 694-700 ; 1669-74, and—a noteworthy sequence of imagery—426-445 ; 463-471 ; 481-2 ; 117c-6. (These all carry out one idea : a similar recurrence of thought is 1788-90 compared with 546-51.) Such fancies as are wrought out in 370-1 ; 446 ; 506-8 ; 1149-53 ; 1167-9 ; 1223-32 ; 1611-12 ; 1646-52, remind us of the *Sonnets*, or other earlier work of Shakspeare, not often of his full-grown work. But much of this sort of thing (cp. also 407-13) fast fills a book out. Shakspeare seems to have set himself to make a fashionably 'smart' production ; and a curious remark at lines 1364-5 seems to point out the non-spontaneous nature of some of the work.

"Philosophizings like those in lines 701-14 ; 1240-6 ; 1247-53 ; 855-1015 ; and others before-mentioned, have some likeness to Chaucer's work. Mr. Furnivall pointed out the likeness between the style of many parts of *Troilus* and this poem. The long 'railing on fortune,' like that of Jaques, in the last of the above, is a notable place.

"There is some license in the following rymes to our ear, but not to an Elizabethan's, as Mr. Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation* witnesses :—evil...devil, lines 85, 87 ; 1246, 7 ; held—fulfild 1257-8 ; progenitors—ours 1756, 57 ; glass—was 1763, 4 ; bliss—is 389, 390 ; field—kild—yeeld 72, 4, 5 ; Orator—singuler—publisher 30, 32, 33 ; thither—wether 113, 115 ; sinne—beene, 209, 10 ; louing...reproouing—remoouing 240, 242, 243 ; Jove...love 568, 570 ; dally—folly 554, 6 ; worshipper—fear—cheer 86, 8, 9 ; fast—taste...last 891, 3, 4 ; snare...are 928, 9 ; entomb—dumb 1121, 3 ; heart—convert...art 590, 2, 3. In line 352 we have a 5-measure line ryming with a 6-measure :

"My will is backt with resolution
The blackest sin is cleard with absolution."

In Stanza 19, Shakspeare has five consecutive end-words in *ing*, l. 127—131, as in l. 428—434 he has a whole stanza with *ing* ends. And in the *Lucrece*, the proportion of unstopt lines is 1 in 10.81 (174 such lines to the poem's 1,885) against the *Venus's* 1 in 25.40 (47 run-on lines in 1,194).—Leopold Sh. *Intro.* p. xxxiv., note 2.

That *Lucrece's* later account of her rape should differ in certain points from the earlier accounts in the poem, is only what

every observant reader of Shakspeare's plays would expect. The poet generally despises consistency. Thus in l. 1640 Lucrece says 'And then against my heart he sets his sword,' whereas l. 505 states that 'he shakes aloft his Roman blade,' &c. In lines 1648-9, Lucrece says :

"My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to speake ;
No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there :"

though in the earlier part of the poem Shakspeare has not only given 91 lines to the very words of her 'plea' (575-666), but also a previous stanza (568-572) describing her introductory appeal. This absolute contradiction of himself is customary in Shakspeare, and yet is dramatically right. Whatever is most effective for a character to say at any moment, that, Shakspeare makes it say, regardless of contrary facts.¹ Anachronisms are of course in the poem too : the oath of Middle-Age chivalry in 1694, the glass mirror in 1758-64, the coat of arms and herald in 205-206, &c. See also note 2, p. vii. above.

Shakspeare's example of putting a prose "Argument" before his poem is one which, alas, has not been followed by the Victorian poet, whose works most require such help to the reader.

For the fresh breezes of English meads and downs which Shakspeare has blown through the *Venus*, the *Lucrece* has the close night air of Ardean rooms—one thinks almost of *Measure for Measure*'s atmosphere beside *As You Like It*'s ;—yet, though birds and beasts of prey, and their victims figure largely in the poem,² of inanimate Nature we have still these notes : lilies and roses, 71 ; red roses and white lawn, 258 ; clouds and stormy weather, 115 ;

¹ Take his first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*: the Braggart Armado has known Jaquenetta only 2 days. Shakspeare wants to make the Clowne chaff him, and doesn't hesitate to put these words in Costard's mouth : 'Fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way. . . Faith, vnlesse you play the honest *Trojan*, the poore wench is cast away : she's quicke, the child bragges in her bellie already : tis yours." V. ii. 678-683, And see the section on Long and Short Time in Cowden Clarke's *Shakspeare Key*, and Mr. Daniel's valuable Time-Analysis of Shakspeare's Plays, *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1887-9.

² See a list of them with parallels from 2 & 3 *Henry VI.* in my *Leopold Sh. Introdn.* p. xxxiv.

corn o'ergrown by weeds, 281 ; little frosts in spring, 331 ; cloud and silver moon, 371 ; sun from cloud, 372 ; April daisy and grass, 395 ; marigolds, 397 ; red-rose blush, 479 ; thorns on growing rose, 492 ; black-faced cloud, 547 ; dim mist, 548 ; earthquake, 549 ; streams to the salt ocean, 649 ; sea, flood, &c., 652 ; silver-shining morn and twinkling stars, 786-7, 1007-8 ; unruly blasts and tender spring, 869 ; wormwood taste, 893 ; bastard graff, 1062 ; mountain-spring, 1077 ; blushing morrow, 1082 ; flood overflowing banks, 1118 ; bark peeled from pine, 1167 ; leaves and sap, 1168 ; dew 396, and (with the conceit of earth's tears), 1226 ; goodly champaign plain, 1247 ; rough winter killing the flower, 1255 ; Simois' reedy banks, 1437 ; bright day and black-fac'd storms, 1518 ; little stars shot from their places, 1525 (cp. *M.N.Dr.*) ; ebb and flow, 1569 ; water-galls and storms, 1589 ; floods increased by rain, 1677 ; windy tempest blows up rain, 1788. (Note the dying eyes, with their ashy light, 1378.)

In line 1667, we have too the tide through old London Bridge, whose 19 massive piers and sterlings choked up nearly half the bed of the river. The painted cloth of the Siege of Troy, I take to have been one actually seen by Shakspeare, though he incorporated into his description of it, details from Virgil.

§ 5. There are a great many once-uzed words and meanings of words in the *Lucrece*. I have had time to look them out in only about half of the Poem, and give the list below.¹ In turning over the pages of Schmidt's Lexicon, I have been fairly surprized at the large proportion of his words and senses of words which Shakspeare uzed only once. (I treat as separate words, 1. the same words in different parts of speech (like barn *n.*, barn *v. t.*), and 2. every participial noun and adjective, as fighting *n.*, fighting *a.*) The letter *s.* before a word shows that its sense only is once uzed :—

¹ The words are unluckily in modern spelling, as the fotos of the original had to be returned to the printer.

absolution n., 354.
abstaining n., 130.
all-hiding adj., 801.
all-too-timeless adj. (*all-too* adv., is used elsewhere), 44.
antiquities n.pl. (remains of ancient times), 951.
a-shaking adj. (trembling), 452.
askance v.t., 637.
barn v.t., 859.
bateless adj. (not to be blunted), 9.
s. bedrid adj. (from one bedridden), 975.
betumbled adj., 1037.
birth-hour n., 537.
blur n. (blot, stain), 222.
ceaseless adj. (everlasting), 967.
champaign adj. (open, level), 1247.
cipher v.t. (decipher), 207, 811, 1396.
cleanly-coin'd adj., 1073.
cloak v.t. (cover), 749.
close-tongued adj., 1300.
cloud-eclipsed adj., 1224.
cloud-kissing adj., 1370.
coffer v.t., 855.
Collatine, 7, &c.
Collatinus, 218, &c.
Collatium, 4, &c.
comfort-killing adj., 764.
s. compacted, pp., 530.
s. conduct n. (guide, light, torch or candle), 313.
copesmate n. (companion), 925.
s. couch v.t. (make to lie), 507.
coward-like, adv., 231.
crest-wounding adj., 828.
crimeful adj., 970.
cursed-blessed adj., 866.
curious-good adj., 1300.
darksome adj., 379.
death-boding adj., 165.
death-worthy adj., 635.
s. debate v.i. (combat, fight), 1421.
debater n., 1019.
s. deceitful adj. (delusive), 1423.
deep-drenched adj., 1100.
defame n. (infamy), 768, 817, 1033.
despitefully, adv., 670.
discharged adj. (fired off), 1043.
s. dreadfully adv. (terribly), 434.
drone-like adj., 836.
drumming (heart) a., 435.
enchain, v.t., 934.
ever-during, adj., 224.

s. fall v.i. (disembogue), 653.
false-creeping adj., 1517.
faltering adj., 1768.
feast-finding adj. (attending banquets), 817.
feeling-painful adj. (causing deep pain), 1679.
s. field n. (surface of a shield), 58.
fiery-pointed adj., 372.
forbidden n., 323.
fortressed pp., 28.
full-fed adj., 694.
gleam v.t. (dart), 1378.
gouts n., (only use in plural), 856.
grate v.t. (make to grate or creak), 306.
gripe n. (a vulture or griffin), 543.
heaved-up adj. iii., 638 (not in Schmidt).
heart-easing adj., 1782.
hearten-up v.t., 295.
heavy-hanging adj., 1493.
s. helpless adj. (irremediable), 756.
high-picht adj., 41.
high-proud adj., 19.
hild perf.t. (held), 1257.
hold-fast adj., 555.
holy-thoughted adj., 384.
hot-burning adj. (lustful), 247, ? 1557: see Schmidt.
hourly adj. (marking the hours), 327.
hover v.i. (wait irresolutely), 1297; (*hovering* adj., W.T. I. ii., 302).
ill-annexed adj., 874.
illiterate n.pl., 810.
impurity n., 854.
immodestly adv., 802.
income n. (coming in), 334.
increaseful adj., 958.
s. intrude v.t. (attack, invade), 848.
inveigh v.i., 1254.
s. linen n. (night rail, wrap for head, &c.), 680.
lightless adj., 4.
locked-up adj., 446.
loophole n., 1383.
long-hid adj., 1816.
long-living adj., 622.
lust-breathed adj. (animated by lust), 3.
mindful a. (careful), 1583.
misgoverning n. (ill control), 654.
mot n. (motto, legend), 830.
s. mote n. (atom, tiniest thing), 1251.
mud v.t. (make turbid, pollute), 577.
needeth vl. pl. (need), 10.
never-conquered adj., 482.

- never-ending* adj., 935.
night-waking adj. (being awake in the night), 554.
night-wandering adj., 307.
s. obscurely adv. (in the dark), 1250.
oversee v.t. (see executed, carried out), 1205.
overseen pp. (disabled), 1206.
parling adj., 100 (*parle* v.i. *LLL.* V. ii., 122).
pearly adj., 396.
pensiveness n., 1497.
physiognomy n., 1395.
plausibly adv. (applausively, with applause), 1854.
poorly adv. (in indigence), 97.
poor-rich a., 140.
premeditate v.t. 143 (—*ed.* adj., used elsewhere).
proportioned adj. (regular, orderly), 774.
purl'd v.i. (curld, ran in circles), 1407.
quick-shifting adj. (rapidly changing), 459.
quittal n., 236.
reedy adj., 1437.
relier n., 639.
relish v.t. (put forth as a refreshment, play), 1126.
revealing adj., 1806.
salt-waved adj. (of briny drops, tears), 1231.
s. scale vb. int., 440.
s. secrecy n. (a secret), 101.
self-slaughtered a., 1733.
self-trust n., 158.
self-will, n., 707.
s. senseless adj., 820 (unbodied, spiritual, not subject to the senses).
sentinel v.t., 942.
sin-concealing adj., 767.
skill-contending adj., 1018.
sneaped adj., 333.
still-gazing, adj., 84.
s. stop v.t. (bar, mark, punctuate, divide), 327: not in Schmidt.
surfeit-taking, adj., 698.
surviving adj., 223, 519.
s. timeless adj. (unseemly), 44.
trustless adj., 2.
unacted adj., 527.
s. unbent adj. (not frowning), 1509.
uncertainly adv., 1311.
uncheerful adj. (without cheer, joyless), 1024.
unfruitful adj., 344.
unlived adj. (deprived of life), 1754.
unperceived adj., 1010.
unrecalling adj. (not capable of recall), 993.
unresist'd adj., 282.
unseasonable adj. (out of season, in bad condition, lean), 581.
useless adv. (uselessly), 859.
vastly adv., 1740.
s. vaunt v.t. (boast of, glory in, possess with pride), 41.
s. vent n. (small hole or passage for air), 310, 1040.
weak-built adj. 130.
weak-made, adj., 1260.
wipe n. (note of infamy, brand), 537.
wordless adj., 112.
wormwood adj., 893.
worn-out adj., 1350.
wrack-threatening adj., 590.

Of words and senses of words used only once elsewhere than in *Lucrece*, the following occur in about half the poem :

Coverlet *n.*, 394 ; dead-killing *a.*, 540 ; invasion *n.*, 287 ; pencilled *a.*, 1497 ; rigol *n.*, 1745 ; seeded *a.*, 603 ; sours *n.pl.*, 867 : mediator, 1020 ; *s. modestly* adv., 1607 ; moisten *v.t.*, 1227 ; nameless *a.*, 522 ; shiver *v.t.*, 1763 ; partially *adv.*, 634 ; peeled (*pild*), 1167 ; pamphlet, *Ded.*, 2 ; embers *n.*, 5 ; unwisely *adv.*, 10 ; disdainfully *adv.*, 39 ; blast *v.i.* (wither), 49 ; straggling *a.*, 428 ; heartless *a.* (spiritless), 471, 1392 ; obtaining *n.*, 128 ; weakling *n.*, 584 ; lode-star *n.*, 179 ; contrite *a.*, 1727 ; a froth *n.*, 212 ; dash *n.* (mark of infamy), 206 ; removing *n.*, 243 ; re-

proving *n.*, 242 ; *s.* painful *a.* (tormenting), 856 ; cross *v.t.*, 793 ; accidental *a.* (incidental), 1326 ; acclamation *n.*, *Arg.*, 25 ; accomplishment *n.* (performance), 716 ; shelves *n.pl.* (sandbanks), 335 ; *s.* dissolution *n.* (melting), 355 ; lust *n.* (pleasure), 1384 ; begrimed, 1381 ; ivory *a.* (of ivory), 407 ; ravishment *n.*, 430 ; aspiring *a.*, 548 ; bidding *n.* (abode), 550 ; period *n.* (full stop), 565 ; debate *v.i.* (dispute), 1019 ; *s.* compassionate *a.* (full of pity), 594 ; long-experienced *a.*, 1820 ; *s.* privilege *v.t.* (license), 621 ; seducing *a.*, 639 ; dishevelled *a.*, 1129 ; *s.* dispensation *n.* (plausible excuse), 248 ; *s.* displace *v.t.* (banish), 887 ; disport *n.*, *Arg.* 11 ; accessory *a.*, 1658 ; *s.* prime *n.* (spring of the year), 332 ; *s.* bottomless *a.* (fathomless), 701 ; *s.* thievish *a.* (practising theft), 35, 736 ; notary *n.* 765 ; vaporous *a.* 771 ; *s.* pipe *n.* (vein), 1455 ; cloister *v.t.*, 1085 ; *s.* allot *v.t.* (bestow on, grant), 824 ; *s.* feelingly *adv.* (in a heartfelt way), 1112, 1492 ; eye-sore *n.* (blemish), 205 ; tell-tale, *a.*, 806 ; inure *v.i.*, 321 ; *s.* inflict *v.t.* (lay on), 1630 ; *s.* temperance *n.* (chastity), 884 ; worm-hole *n.*, 946 ; *s.* quill *n.* (wing-feather), 949, and (pen) 1247 ; *s.* retiring *a.* (returning), 962 ; *s.* bearing *n.* (way of moving), 1389 ; bechance *v.t.*, 976 ; *s.* force *v.t.* (value), 1021 ; *s.* forego *v.t.* (forfeit), 228 ; infringed *a.*, 1061.

§ 6.—This Facsimile has been made by Mr. Praetorius, whose excellent photographic work has been for many years known to all folk who take interest in Art or Antiquarianism. He will add to it the first and second 1608 Quartos of *Lear*, *Othello*, and perhaps some other Facsimiles, numbering them back from 35—the No. of this *Lucrece*—to meet Mr. Griggs's Facsimiles, of which Nos. 1 to 12 have already appeared, and to which he is about to add *Troilus and Cressida*, *Rich. II.* Qo. 1, and the Heyes Quarto of the *Merchant*, while others will follow. The interruption to our work from the burning of all Mr. Griggs's negatives, stock, machinery and material was unavoidable ; and the help of a second producer became necessary if the Series was to be finished in reasonable time. Further, the condition of the Facsimiles of the *Merry Wives*, *Henry IV*, and the first set of *Rich. III.* sheets, showed the need of all proofs of Facsimiles being submitted to and passed by the editors of them—not only by the lithographer—as in the case of printers' proofs, so that the Facsimiles may be

brought up—by hand when needful—to the standard of the photograph from the negative of the original. This has been done with many sheets of *Rich. III.*, and with all of *Venus*, and of *Lucrece*. It will be done with all future issues.

In using the earlier Facsimiles, readers may rest assured that all doubtful letters like *c* and *e*, *r* and *t*, *f* and *ſ*, *u* and *n*, are in the Quarto what they ought to be, unless the misprint is quite plain. (In 2 *Hen. IV.*, p. 58, IV. iii., 45, the Facsimile *d* in “hooknosde” has lost its upright, and appears as *o*. In “*Meffenger*,” 1 *Hen. IV.*, p. 71, V. ii., 79, the *ff* should be *ff*.) The cutting-down (and occasional absence) of headlines and top lines in Facsimiles from the Duke of Devonshire’s (formerly Kemble’s) Quartos, is due to every page having been cut down and then mounted.

16 March, 1885.

On the Ovid and Livy question, Mr. Round adds :—Take Ovid, lines 763-5.

Forma placet, niveusque color, flavique capilli,

Quique aderat nulla factus ab arte color.

Verba placent, et vox, et quod corrumpere non est.

Livy puts together the first and last items of this catalogue, thus :—‘cum forma tum spectata castitas incitat.’ (Painter omits this).

The idea expanded by Shakspeare in lines 52-75 seems to me taken from this passage of Livy rather than Ovid. Ovid, line 764, Shakspeare had better taste than to use (i.e., if he read it—of course).

Verba and *vox* don’t appear in the English poem.

As to *niveus color*, we find ‘lily hand’ 386, ‘alabaster skin’ 419, ‘snow-white dimpled chin’ 420. But there is no reason to suppose that these bits are borrowed from any one, any more than the ‘golden threads’ (l. 400) from Ovid’s ‘flavi capilli’ (763). Both are mere stock-in-trade. So that I think we have only the “forma . . . castitas” really to argue from. And these coming together in Livy, make me think that the source, and not Ovid, where they are separated.

The chief Ovid parallels that I noticed are

i. 823

Ter conata loqui, ter destitit.

1604, 5.

Three times with sighs she gives her
sorrows fire
Ere once she can discharge one word
of woe.

(Not in Livy, or Painter).

ii. Ovid does not say anything about the *death* of Sextus, but finishes up with the banishment.

xxvi. P.S. ON LIVY AND OVID AS SHAKSPERE'S SOURCES.

iii. 813, 17, 18.
passis sedet illa capillis.
Utque vident habitum, quae luctus
causa, requirunt,
Cui paret exsequias, quove sit ista
malo.

iv. 835, 6.
Super corpus communia damna ge-
mentes,
Obliti decoris, virque paterque jacent

v. 773-4 (Tarquin's reflexions)
"Hos habuit vultus, haec illi verba
fuerunt,
Hic color, haec facies, hic decor oris
erat."

iv. 804.
Tunc primum externa pectora tacta
manu.

perhaps 1585, 98: 1601.
finds his Lucrece clad in mourning
blot
What uncouth ill event hath thee
befaln
Why art thou thus attired in discon-
tent.

1730-3, 1751, 1772-5.
stone still, astonished . . .
Stood Collatine . . .
Till Lucrece' father . .
Himself on her . . body threw.
Old Lucretius cries.
Starts Collatine . .
And then in key cold Lucrece' bleed-
ing streams
He falls.

253-266.
She took me kindly by the hand . . .
O how her fear did make her colour
rise.

(Not in Livy and Painter).

407-9.
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered
Save of their lord no bearing yoke
they knew.

In the above places Ovid has not repeated what is found in Livy (whom Painter translates), but has invented (?) for himself. In almost all the places where both drew from the same source, Shakspeare seems to follow Livy—sometimes directly, sometimes thro' Painter. Chaucer and Gower translated Ovid.

Note the parallel :

Lucrece 1135, 6 (about Philomel).
Whiles against a thorn thou bearest
thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking . . .

Passionate Pilgrim XXI. 380 to 382
the nightingale . .
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Leand her breast up-till a thorn.





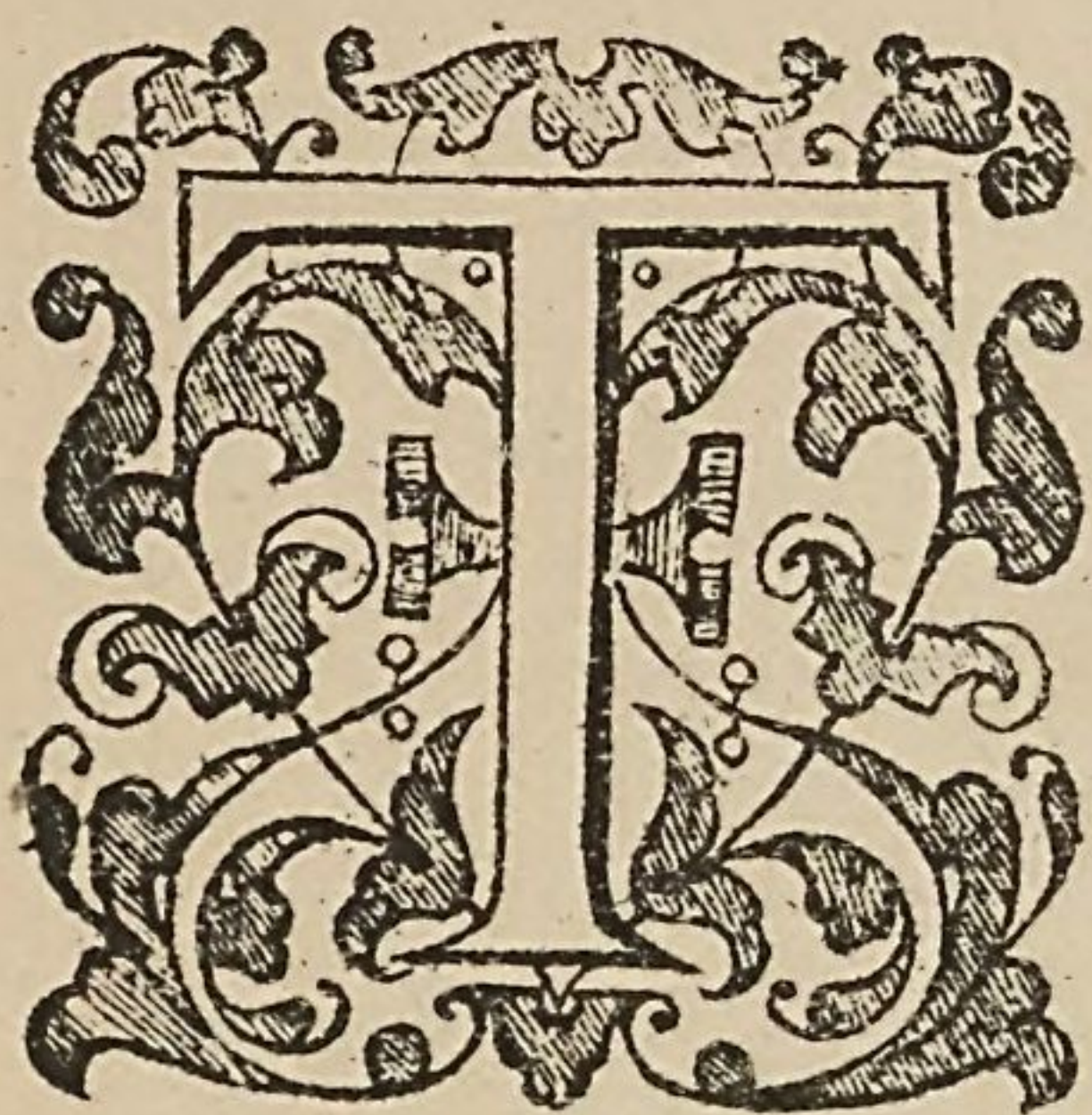
L V C R E C E.



L O N D O N.

Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison; and are
to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound
in Paules Church-yard. 1 5 9 4.

TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY
VVriothesley, Earle of Southhampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.



HE loue I dedicate to your
Lordship is without end: wher-
of this Pamphlet without be-
ginning is but a superfluous
Moity. The warrant I haue of
your Honourable disposition,
not the worth of my vntutord
Lines makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I haue
done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being
part in all I haue, deuoted yours. VVere my worth
greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time,
as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish
long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGUMENT.

LVcius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after hee had caused his owne father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly mured, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reuelling, or in seuerall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after priuily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertayned and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he tretcherslie stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the Act, and whole maner of his dealing, and withall sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter inuective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed TARQVIN, leaues the Roman host,
 And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
 VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
 Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chaste.

Hap'ly that name of chaste, vnhap'ly set
 This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:
 VVhen COLATINE vnwisely did not let,
 To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
 VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:
 VVhere mortal stars as bright as heauē's Beauties,
 VVith pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

B

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
 Unlockt the treasure of his happie state :
 VVhat priselesse wealth the heauens had him lent,
 In the possession of his beauteous mate.
 Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
 That Kings might be espowd to more fame,
 But King nor Peere to such a peerelesse dame.

O happinesse enioy'd but of a few,
 And if posselt as soone decayed and done :
 As is the mornings siluer melting dew,
 Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.
 An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
 Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
 Are weakelic fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,
 The eies of men without an Orator,
 VVhat needeth then Apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singuler ?
 Or why is Colatine the publisher
 Of that richiewell he should keepe vnknown,
 From the euill cares because it is his owne ?

Perchance

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raignie,
 Suggested this proud iſſue of a King:
 For by our cares our hearts oft taynted be:
 Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing
 Brauing compare, diſdaineſully did ſting (vant,
 His high pickt thoughts that meaner men ſhould
 That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimelie thought did inſtigate,
 His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſe,
 His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,
 Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
 To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.
 O raſh false heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy haſtic ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere growes old.

VWhen at Colatia this false Lord arriued,
 VYell was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
 VWithin whoſe face Beautie and Vertue ſtriued,
 VWhich of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.
 VWhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh for ſhame,
 VWhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpight
 Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But Beautie in that white entituled,
 From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,
 Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
 VVhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild
 Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shield,
 Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,
 VVhē shame assaild, the red should fēce the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECE face was sēene,
 Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
 Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
 Prouing from worlds minority their right,
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The soueraignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange ech others fear.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
 VVhich TARQVIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
 In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloses,
 VVhere least betweene them both it should be kild.
 The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeeld
 To those two Armies that would let him goe,
 Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Now thinkes he that her husbands shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigall that praisde her so:
 In that high taske hath done her Beaurty wrong.
 V Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,
 Inchaunted TARQVIN aunswers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this deuill,
 little suspecteth the false worhipper:
 "For vnstaind thoughts do seldom dream on euill.
 "Birds neuer lim'd, no secret bushes feare:
 So guiltlesse shee securely giues good cheare,
 And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,
 V Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in pleats of Maiestie:
 That nothing in him seemd inordinate,
 Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 V Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;
 But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But she that neuer cop't with straunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,
VVrit in the glassie margents of such bookes,
Shee toucht no vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,
More then his eies were opend to the light.

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praises Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiuallrie,
VVith bruised armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her ioie with heaued-up hand she doth expresse,
And wordlesse so greetes heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there,
No clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till sable Night mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,
And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,
 Intending wearinesse with heauie sprite:
 For after supper long he questioned,
 V Vith modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,
 Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,
 And euerie one to rest themselues betake,
 Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that
 (wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing
 The fundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
 Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing. (ning
 Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstai-
 Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
 And when great treasure is the meede proposed,
 Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 That what they haue not, that which they possesse
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
 That they proue bāckrout in this poore rich gain.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,
 V Vith honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
 In hauing much torments vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting T A R Q V I N make,
 Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,
 And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.
 Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?
 V Vhen shall he thinke to find a stranger iust,
 V Vhen he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,
 To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Now stole uppon the time the dead of night,
 VVhen heauie sleep had closd vp mortall eyes,
 No comfortable starre did lend his light,
 No noise but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries
 Now serues the season that they may surprise
 The fillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,
 VVhile Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
 Is madly tost betweene desire and dred;
 Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
 But honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainesicke rude desire.

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparkes of fire doe flie,
 VVhereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 VVhich must be lode starre to his lustfull eye.
 And to the flame thus speakes aduisedlie;
 As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,
 So LVCRECE must I force to my desire.

C

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
 The daungers of his lothsome enterprise:
 And in his inward mind he doth debate,
 VVhat following sorrow may on this arise.
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
 And iustly thus controllis his thoughts vniust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
 And die vnhalloved thoughts, before you blot
 VVith your vncleannesse, that which is deuine:
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
 Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
 That spots & stains loues modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,
 O foule dishonor to my houlds graue:
 O impious act including all foule harmes.
 A martiall man to be soft fancies slaue,
 True valour still a true respect should haue,
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will liue engraue in my face.

Yea

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Yea though I die the scandale will suruiue,
 And be an eie sore in my golden coate:
 Some lothsome dash the Herralde will contriue,
 To ciphers me how fondlie I did dote:
 That my posteritie sham'd with the note
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,
 To wish that I their father had not beene.

VVhat win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
 A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy.
 VVho buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
 Or sels eternitie to get a toy?
 For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
 VVould with the scepter straight be strokē down?

If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,
 VVill he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to preuent?
 This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying vertue, this suruiuing shame,
 VVhose crime will beare an euer-during blame.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O what excuse can my inuention make

V When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?

V Vil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?

Mine eies forgo their light, my false hart bleede?

The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;

And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,

But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or sire,

Or laine in ambush to betray my life,

Or were he not my deare friend, this desire

Might haue excuse to worke vppon his wife:

As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.

But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,

The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,

Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,

He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:

The worst is but deniall and reproouing.

My will is strong past reasons weake remoouing:

V Who feares a sentence or an old mans law,

Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,
 Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Vrging the worser sence for vantage still.
 VWhich in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,
 That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,
 VWhere her beloued COLATINVS lies.
 O how her feare did make her colour rise!
 First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,
 Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
 Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
 VWhich strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
 Vntill her husbands welfare shee did heare.
 VWhereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,
 That had NARCISSVS seene her as shee stood,
 Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses .
 All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
 Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,
 Loue thriues not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,
 Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth.
 And when his gaudie banner is displaide,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then childish feare auunt, debating die,
 Respect and reason waite on wrinckled age:
 My heart shall neuer countermand mine eie;
 Sad pause, and deepe regard beseemes the sage,
 My part is youth and beates these from the stage.
 Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prise,
 Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare
 Is almost choakt by vnresisted lust:
 Away he steales with open listning eare,
 Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which as seruitors to the vniust,
 So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
 That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.
 With-

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

V Within his thought her heauenly image sits,
 And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,
 That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,
 That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,
 Vnto a view so false will not incline;
 But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
 V Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his seruile powers,
 V Who flattered by their leaders iocound shew,
 Stuffle vp his lust: as minutes fill vp howres.
 And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute then they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
 Ech one by him infort retires his ward:
 But as they open they all rate his ill,
 V Which driues the creeping theefe to some regard,
 The threshold grates the doore to haue him heard,
 Night wandring weezels shreek to see him there.
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
 Through little vents and cranies of the place,
 The wind warres with his torch, to make him staie,
 And blowes the smoake of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle sticks,
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
 As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes
 Is not inur'd; returne againe in hast,
 Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst sence consters their deniall:
 The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
 He takes for accidentall things of triall.
 Or as those bars which stop the houely diall,
 VVho with a lingring staie his course doth let,
 Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To ad a more reioysing to the prime,
 And giue the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
 Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (sands
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirats, shelues and
 The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
 That shuts him from the Heauen of his thought,
 VVhich with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
 Hath bard him from the blessed thing he fought.
 So from himselfe impiety hath wrought,
 That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
 As if the Heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
 Hauing solicited th'eternall power,
 That his foule thoughts might cōpasse his fair faire,
 And they would stand auspicious to the howre.
 Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?

D

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with resolution:

Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.

Against loues fire, feares frost hath dissolution.

The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night
Couers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The douc sleeps fast that this night-Owle will catch.
Thustreason workes ere traitors be espied.

VVho sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.

By their high treason is his heart mis led,
VVhich giues the watch-word to his hand ful soon,
To draw the clowd that hides the siluer Moon.

Looke

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:
 Euen so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
 To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
 VVhether it is that shee reflects so bright,
 That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
 But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darke some prison died,
 Then had they seene the period of their ill:
 Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE side,
 In his cleare bed might haue reposed still.
 But they must ope this blessed league to kill,
 And holie-thoughted LVCRECE to their sight,
 Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheekc lies vnder,
 Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
 VVho therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
 VVhere like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the Greene couerlet whose perfect white
 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 VVith pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
 Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liu'd in death; and death in life.

Her breasts like luory globes circled with blew,
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truely honored.
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
 VVho like a fowle vsurper went about,
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VVhat

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VVhat could he see but mightily he noted?
 VVhat did he note, but strongly he desired?
 VVhat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
 VVith more then admiration he admired
 Her azure vaines, her alablaster skinne,
 Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
 Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
 So ore this sleeping soule doth T A R Q V I N stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slakt, not supprest, for standing by her side,
 His eye which late this mutiny restraines,
 Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and rauishment delighting;
 Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
 Anon his beating heart allarum striking,
 Giues the hot charge, & bids the do their liking.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
 Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand
 On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;
 VVhose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale.
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,
 VVhere their deare gouernesse and ladie lies,
 Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries.
 Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
 VVho peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
 From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
 That thinkes shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,
 VVhose grim aspect sets euerie ioint a shaking,
 VVhat terror tis: but shee in worsertaking,
 From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror trew.

VVrapt

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,
 Like to a new kild bird shee trembling lies:
 Shee dares not looke, yetwinking there appeares
 Quicke-shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.
 "Such shadowes are the weake-brains forgeries,
 VWho angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
 In darknes daunts thē with more dreadfull fights.

His hand that yetremaines vppon her brest,
 (Rude Ram to batter such an luorie wall :)
 May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distrest,
 VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall;
 Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
 This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie,
 To make the breach and enter this sweet Citty.

First like a Tromper doth his tongue begin,
 To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,
 VWho ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash allarme to know,
 VWhich he by dum demeanor seekes to show.
 But shee with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
 Vnder what colour he commits this ill.

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
 That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
 And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
 Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
 Vnder that colour am I come to scale
 Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 VVhere thou with patience must my will abide,
 My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
 VVhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
 But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
 I know what thornes the growing rose defends,
 I thinke the honie garded with a sting,
 All this before-hand counsell comprehends.
 But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
 Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
 And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or duety.

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

I haue debated euen in my soule,
 VVhat wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal breed,
 But nothing can affections course controull,
 Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.
 I know repentant teares in sewe the deed,
 Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,
 Yet striue I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
 VVhich like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
 Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings sha de,
 VVhose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
 So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies
 Harmelesse LVCRETIA marking what he tels,
 VVith trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcōs bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee,
 If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroie thee.
 That done, some worthlesse slaue of thine ile slay.
 To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.
 And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
 Swearing I slue him seeing thee imbrace him.

E

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine
 The scornfull marke of euerie open eye,
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
 Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;
 And thou the author of their obloquie,
 Shalt haue thy trespasse cited vp in rimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
 "A little harme done to a great good end,
 For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
 The poysonous simple sometime is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
 Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no deuise can take,
 The blemish that will neuer be forgot:
 VVorse then a slavish wipe, or birth howrs blot,
 For markes discried in mens natiuitie,
 Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,
 He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,
 VVhile shee the picture of pure pietie,
 Like a white Hinde vnder the grypes sharpe clawes,
 Pleades in a wildernesse where are no lawes,
 To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,
 Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,
 In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:
 From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,
 VVhich blow these pitchie vapours frō their biding:
 Hindring their present fall by this deuiding.
 So his vnhalloved hast her words delayes,
 And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
 VVhile in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pateth,
 Her sad behauiour feedes his vulture sollie,
 A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.
 His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her playning,
 Tears harden lust though marble were with ray-

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed
 In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.
 Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
 V Which to her Oratorie addes more grace.
 Shee puts the period often from his place,
 And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
 That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She coniures him by high Almighty loue,
 By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships oth,
 By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,
 By holie humane law, and common troth,
 By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:
 That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
 And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,
 V Vith such black payment, as thou hast pretended,
 Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
 End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
 He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
 To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
 Thy selfe art mightie, for thine own sake leaue me:
 My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.
 Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceiue me.
 My sighes like whirlwindes labor hence to heaue
 If euer man were mou'd with womā's mones, (thee
 Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones,

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
 Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart,
 To soften it with their continuall motion:
 For stones dissolu'd to water do conuert.
 O if no harder then a stone thou art,
 Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
 Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
 Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
 To all the Host of Heauen I complaine me.
 Thou wrongst his honor, wou'dst his princely name:
 Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;
 For kings like Gods should gouerne euery thing.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age
 V When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 V What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
 O be remembred, no outrageous thing
 From vassall actors can be wipt away,
 Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,
 But happie Monarchs still are feard for loue:
 V With fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,
 V When they in thee the like offences proue;
 If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
 For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
 V Where subiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 V Vilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne
 Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?
 To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.
 Thou backst reproch against long-liuing lawd,
 And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee
 From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will :
 Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,
 For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.

Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?

Y When patternd by thy fault fowle sin may say,
 He learnd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,
 To view thy present trespasse in another :
 Mens faults do seldome to themselues appeare,
 Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,
 This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.

O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
 That frō their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
 Not to seducing lust thy rash relier:

I sue for exil'd maiesties repeale,
 Let him returne, and flattrring thoughts retire.

His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
 Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.
 Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the winde in greater furie fret:
 The petty streames that paie a dailie det
 To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals hast,
 Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne King,
 And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
 Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, mis-gouerning,
 VWho seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
 If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddels wombe is herfed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaues be King, and thou their slaue,
 Thou noblie base, they baselie dignified:
 Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
 Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,
 But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,
 No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.
 Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,
 In steed of loues coy tutch shall rudelie teare thee.
 That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee
 Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,
 To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote vppon the light,
 For light and lust are deadlie enemies,
 Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
 VVhen most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
 Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares,
 He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest teares,
 That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,
 The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

F

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,
 And he hath wonne what he would loose againe
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
 This hot desire conuerts to colde disdain;
 Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,
 And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
 Vnapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,
 Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,
 The praie wherein by nature they delight:
 So surfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
 His tast delicious, in digestion sowing,
 Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt
 Ere he can see his owne abomination.
 VVhile Lust is in his pride no exclamation
 Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
 Till like a Iade, self-will himselfe doth tire.

And

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And then with lanke, and leane discolour'd cheeke,
 VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke,
 Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace :
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace;
 For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
 The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 VVho this accomplishment so hotly chased,
 For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
 That through the length of times he stāds disgraced:
 Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,
 To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares,
 To aske the spotted Princeesse how she fares.

Shee sayes her subiects with fowle insurrection,
 Haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortall fault brought in subiection
 Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
 To liuing death and payne perpetuall.

VVhich in her prescience shee controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he stea-
 A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine, (leth,
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scarre that will dispight of Cure remaine,
 Leauing his spoile perplext in greater paine.

Shee beares the lode of lust he left behinde,
 And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,
 Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
 He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
 Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.
 He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare;
 Shee staies exclayming on the direfull night,
 He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,
 Shee there remaines a hopelesse cast-away,
 He in his speed lookes for the morning light:
 Shee prayes shee neuer may behold the day.
 For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,
 And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
 To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

They thinke not but that euerie eye can see,
 The same disgrace which they themselues behold:
 And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,
 To haue their vnseene sinne remaine untold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And graue like water that doth eate in steele,
 Vppon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclames against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,
 Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,
 And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.
 Franticke with grieve thus breaths shee forth her
 Against the vnseene secrecie of night. (spite,

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and notarie of shame,
 Blacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
 Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame.
 Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,
 Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator,
 VVith close-tong'd treason & the rauisher.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
 Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:
 Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time.
 Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten damps rauish the morning aire,
 Let their exhald vnholdsome breaths make sicke
 The life of puritie, the supreme faire,
 Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,
 And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,
 That in their smoakie rankes, his smothred light
 May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

VVere TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
 The siluer shining Queene he would distaine;
 Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
 Through nights black bosom shuld not peep again.
 So should I haue copartners in my paine,
 And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage,
 As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

VVhere

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VWhere now I haue no one to blush with me,
 To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
 To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my greef with grones,
 Poore waisting monuments of lasting mones.

15 O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
 Let not the iealous daie behold that face,
 VWhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
 Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.
 Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
 May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

Make me not obiect to the tell-tale day,
 The light will shew characterd in my brow,
 The storie of sweete chastities decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
 Yea the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 VVill cote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The nurse to still her child will tell my storie,
 And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.
 The Orator to decke his oratorie,
 VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
 VVill tie the hearers to attend ech line,
 How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation,
 For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnspotted:
 If that be made a theame for disputation,
 The branches of another roote are rotted;
 And vnder seru'd reproch to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnseene shame, inuisible disgrace,
 O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuat scarre!
 Reproch is stamp't in COLATINVS face,
 And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,
 "How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
 "Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,
 VVhich not theselues but he that giues the knowes.

If

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft:
 My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
 Haue no perfection of my sommer left,
 But rob'd and ransak't by iniurious theft.

In thy weake Hiue a wandring waspe hath crept,
 And suck't the Honnie which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
 Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
 Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
 For it had beene dishonor to disdain him,
 Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
 And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)
 VVhen Vertue is prophan'd in such a Deuill.

VVhy should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hatefull Kuckcows hatch in Sparrows nests?
 Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
 Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breasts?
 Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?
 "But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impuritie doth not pollute.

G

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still pining TANTALVS he sits,
 And vselesse barnes the haruest of his wits:
 Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine,
 But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,
 And leaues it to be maistred by his yong:
 VVho in their pride do presently abuse it,
 Their father was too weake, and they too strong
 To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.
 "The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed sowrs,
 "Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
 Vnholsome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
 The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,
 VVhat Vertue breeds Iniquity deuours:
 VVe haue no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill annexed opportunity
 Or kils his life, or else his quality.

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
 Tis thou that execut'st the traytors treason:
 Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
 VWho euer plots the sinne thou pointst the season.
 Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason,
 And in thy thadic Cell where none may spie him,
 Sits sin to ceaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,
 Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,
 Thou smotherst honestie, thou murthrest troth,
 Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious bawd,
 Thou plantest scandall, and displacest lawd.
 Thou rauisher, thou traytor, thou false theefe
 Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to greefe.

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,
 Thy priuate feasting to a publicke fast,
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood tast,
 Thy violent vanities can neuer last,
 How comes it then, vile opportunity
 Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VWhen wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
 VWhen wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?
 Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?
 Giue phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained?
 The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for
 But they nere meet with oportunitie. (thee,

The patient dies while the Phisitian sleepe,
 The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.
 Iustice is feasting while the widow weepes.
 Aduise is sporting while infection breeds.
 Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.
 VVrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murthers rages,
 Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VWhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:
 They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere giues a fee,
 He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
 As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.
 My COLATINE would else haue come to me,
 VWhen TARQVIN did, but he was staied by thee.
 Guilty

THE RAPE OF LYCREE.

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
 Guilty of periurie, and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift,
 Guilty of incest that abomination,
 An accessarie by thine inclination.

To all sinnes past and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen time, copesmate of vgly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grieslie care,
 Eater of youth, false slaue to false delight:
 Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.
 Thou nourfist all, and murthrest all that are.

O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,
 Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

V Why hath thy seruant opportunity
 Betraide the howres thou gau'st me to repose?
 Canceled my fortunes, and inchained me
 To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes?
 Times office is to fine the hate offoes,
 To eate vp errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
 To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,
 To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
 To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
 And smeare with dust their glittering golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,
 To feede obliuion with decay of things,
 To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
 To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
 To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
 To spoile Antiquities of hammerd steele,
 And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a childe,
 To slay the tygre that doth liue by slaughter,
 To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,
 To mocke the subtle in themselues beguild,
 To cheare the Plowman with increasfull crops,
 And wast huge stones with little water drops.

VVhy

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy work'st thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage,
 Vnlesse thou could'st returne to make amends?
 One poore retyring minute in an age
 VVould purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit that to bad detters lends, (backe,
 O this dread night, would'st thou one howr come
 I could preuent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternitie,
 VVith some mischance crosse TARQVIN in his flight.
 Deuise extreames beyond extremitie,
 To make him curse this cursed crimefull night:
 Let gastly shadowes his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire thought of his committed euill,
 Shape euery bush a hideous shapelesse deuill.

Disturbe his howres of rest with restlesse trances,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,
 Let there bechaunce him pitifull mischances,
 To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
 Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,
 And let milde women to him loose their mildnesse,
 VVilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,
 Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,
 Let him haue time of times helpe to dispaire,
 Let him haue time to liue a lothed slaue,
 Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,
 And time to see one that by almes doth liue,
 Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,
 And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:
 Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of follie, and his time of sport.
 And euer let his vnrecalling crime
 Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:
 At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
 Himselfe, himselfe seeke euerie howre to kill,
 Such wretched hads such wretched blood shuld spill.
 For who so base would such an office haue,
 As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slaue.

The

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The baser is he comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.

The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblack wings in mire,
And vnperceau d flie with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine vppon his siluer Downe will stay.
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wheresoere they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, seruants to shallow fooles,
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,
Debate where leysure serues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

H

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
 At time, at TARQVIN, and vnchearefull night,
 In vaine I caüll with mine infamie,
 In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
 This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:
 The remedie indeede to do me good,
 Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerst thou at this decree?
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
 For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
 But if I liue thou liu'st in my defame;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,
 Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombed couch shee starteth,
 To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,
 But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
 VVhich thronging through her lips so vanisheth,
 As smoake from ÆTNA, that in aire consumes,
 Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine (quoth shee) I liue, and seeke in vaine
 Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.
 I fear'd by TARQVIN'S Fauchion to be slaine,
 Yet for the selfe same purpose seeke a knife;
 But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
 So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
 Of that true tipe hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,
 And therefore now I need not feare to die,
 To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue
 A badge of Fame to sclanders liuerie,
 A dying life, to liuing infamie:
 Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,
 To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

VVell well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know
 The stained rast of violated troth:
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
 This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,
 He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,
 That thou art doting father of his fruite.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
 Basely with gold, but stolne from foorth thy gate.
 For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
 And with my trespassse neuer will dispencc,
 Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,
 My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
 My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like sluces,
 As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,
 Shal gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
 The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
 To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
 Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
 But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuealing

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE

Reuealing day through euery crannie spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
 To whom shee sobbing speakes, o eye of eyes, (ping,
 VVhy pry'st thou through my window? leaue thy pee-
 Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are sleeping;
 Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauils shee with euerie thing shee sees,
 Truc griefe is fond and testie as a childe,
 VVho wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,
 Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
 Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
 Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
 VVith too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
 Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,
 And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
 No obiect but her passions strength renewes:
 And as one shiftes another straight in fewes,
 Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
 Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
 Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,
 "For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
 "Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie,
 "Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie;
 " True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,
 " VVhen with like semblance it is simpathiz'd.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
 "He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
 "To see the salue doth make the wound ake more:
 "Great griefe greeues most at that wold do it good;
 "Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 VVho being stopt, the boūding banks oreflowes,
 Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
 VVithin your hollow swelling feathered breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
 My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:
 "A woefull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.
 Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,
 "Distres likes dūps whē time is kept with teares.
 Come

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,
 Make thy sad groue in my disheueled heare,
 As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment;
 So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,
 And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:
 For burthen-wise ile hum on T A R Q V I N still,
 VVhile thou on T E R E V S descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,
 To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 VVill fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
 VVho if it winke shall thereon fall and die.
 These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,
 Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming anie eye should thee behold:
 Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
 That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
 VVill wee find out: and there we will vnfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,
 Since mē proue beasts, let beasts bear gētle minds.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,
 V Vildly determining which way to flie,
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readilie:
 So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,
 To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
 V Vhen life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,
 But with my body my poore soules pollution?
 They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,
 Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
 That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,
 V Vho hauing two sweet babes, when death takes
 V Vill slay the other, and be nurse to none. (one,

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?
 V Vhen the one pure, the other made deuine,
 V Vhose loue of eyther to my selfe was nearer?
 V Vhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:
 Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
 His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,
 So must my soule her barke being pild away.

Her

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batterd by the enemy,
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,
 Grosslie ingirt with daring infamie.
 Then let it not be cald impietie,
 If in this blemisht fort I make some hole,
 Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
 Haue heard the cause of my vnimelie death,
 That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
 Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,
 My stained bloud to TARQVIN ile bequeath,
 V Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honorile bequeath vnto the knife
 That wounds my bodie so dishonored,
 Tis Honor to deprivie dishonord life,
 The one will liue, the other being dead.
 So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,
 For in my death I murther shamefull scorne,
 My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue lost, 1191
 VVhat legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution loue shall be thy bost,
 By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.
 How TARQVIN must be vs'd, read it in me, 1195
 My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy fo,
 And for my sake serue thou false TARQVIN fo. 1197

This brieft abridgement of my will I make, 1198
 My soule and bodie to the skies and ground:
 My resolution Husband doe thou take,
 Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
 My shame be his that did my Fame confound; 1202
 And all my Fame that liues disburfed be,
 To those that liue and thinke no shame of me. 1204

Thou COLATINE shalt ouersee this will, 1205
 How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?
 My bloud shall wash the sclander of mine ill,
 My liues foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
 Faint not faint heart, but stoutlie say so be it, 1209
 Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be. 1211

This

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This plot of death when sadlie shee had layd,
 And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eies,
 VVith vntun'd tongue shee hoarslie cals her mayd,
 VVhose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.
 "For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoughts feathers flies,
 Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid seem so,
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth giue demure good morrow,
 VVith soft slow-tongue, true marke of modestie,
 And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
 (For why her face wore sorrowes liuerie.)
 But durst not aske of her audaciouslie,
 VVhy her two suns were clowd ecclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-washt with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
 Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:
 Euen so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
 Her circled eien inforst, by simparchie
 Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,
 VVho in a salt wau'd Ocean quench their light,
 VVhich makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,
 Like luorie conduits corall cesterns filling:
 One iustlie weepes, the other takes in hand
 No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.
 Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
 Greeuing themselues to gesse at others smartes,
 And thē they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
 The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kindes
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
 Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
 No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,
 VVherein is stamp't the semblance of a Deuill.

Their smoothnesse; like a goodly champaine plaine,
 Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
 In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.
 Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe.
 Through christall wals ech little more will peepe,
 Though mē cā couer crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

No man inueigh against the withered flowre,
 But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
 Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour
 Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
 Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild
 V Vith mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
 Make weak made womē tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might insue.
 By that her death to do her husband wrong,
 Such danger to resistance did belong:
 That dying feare through all her bodie spread,
 And who cannot abute a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake,
 To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
 My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake
 Those tears frō thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-
 If thou dost weepe for griefe of my sustaining: (ning?
 Know gentle wench it small auailles my mood,
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,
 Till after a deepe grone) T A R Q V I N from hence,
 Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
 Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence:
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,
 And ere I rose was T A R Q V I N gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,
 Shee would request to know your heauinesse:
 (O peace quoth L V C R E C E) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it lesse:
 For more it is, then I can well expresse,
 And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
 V When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
 Yet saue that labour, for I haue them heare,
 (V What should I say) one of my husbands men
 Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
 A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
 Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,
 The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,
 First houerig ore the paper with her quill:
 Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,
 VVhat wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.
 This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
 Much like a presse of people at a dore,
 Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
 Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t'afford
 (If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see,)
 Some present speed, to come and visite me:
 So I commend me, from our house in grieve,
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brieve.

Here folds shee vp the tenure of her woe,
 Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely,
 By this short Cedula COLATINE may know
 Her grieve, but not her griefes true quality,
 Shee dares not thereof make discouery,
 Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,
 Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
 Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
 VWhen sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashiō
 Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her
 From that suspiciō which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter
 VVith words, till action might becom thē better.

To see sad sights, moues more then heare them told,
 For then the eye interpretes to the eare
 The heauie motion that it doth behold,
 VWhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.
 Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
 Deep sounds make lesser noise thē shallow foords,
 And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
 At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
 The Post attends, and shee deliuers it,
 Charging the sowl-fac'd groome, to high as fast
 As lagging fowles before the Northerne blast,
 Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
 Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

The homelic villaine curties to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receaues the scroll without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
 Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,
 For LYCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

VVhen seelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
 Offspirite, life, and bold audacitie,
 Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect
 To talke in deeds, while others saucilie
 Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.
 Euen so the patterne of this worne-out age,
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
 Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQVINS lust,
 And blushing with him, wistlie on him gazed,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.
 The more shee saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,
 And yet the dutious vassall scarce is gone,
 The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,
 So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
 That shee her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pawsing for means to mourne some newer way.

At last shee cals to mind where hangs a peece
 Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMs Troy,
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For HELENS rape, the Cittie to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy,
 VVhich the conceipted Painter drew so prowde,
 As Heauen (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable obiects there,
 In scorne of Nature, Art gaue liuelesse life,
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping teare,
 Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.
 The red bloud reek'd to shew the Painters strife,
 And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,
 Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.
 There

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner
 Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
 And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare
 The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing vppon the Greekes with little lust,
 Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,
 That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maiestie,
 You might behold triumphing in their faces,
 In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
 And here and there the Painter interlaces
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
 VVhich hartlesse peasaunts did so wel relemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake & trēble.

In AIA X and VLYSSES, ô what Art
 Of Phisiognomy might one behold!
 The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,
 Their face, their manners most expresse told,
 In AIA X eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
 But the mild glance that shie VLYSSES lent,
 Shewed deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There pleading might you see graue NESTOR stand, 1401
 As'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
 In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white, 1405
 V Vag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
 Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie. 1407

About him were a presse of gaping faces, 1408
 V Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduice,
 All ioyntlie listning, but with seuerall graces,
 As if some Marmaide did their eares intice,
 Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice. 1412
 The scalpes of manie almost hid behind,
 To iump vp higher seem'd to mocke the mind. 1414

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head, 1415
 His nose being shadowed by his neighbours care,
 Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
 Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,
 And in their rage such signes of rage they beare, 1419
 As but for losse of NESTOR S golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords. 1421

For

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For much imaginarie worke was there,
 Concept deceitfull, so compact so kinde,
 That for ACHILLES image stood his speare
 Grip't in an Armed hand, himselfe behind
 Vvas left vnseene, saue to the eye of mind,
 A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, (field,
 VWhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to
 Stood manie Troian mothers sharing ioy,
 To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,
 And to their hope they such odde action yeeld,
 That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,
 (Like bright things staine'd) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the strond of DARDAN where they fought,
 To SIMOIS reddie bankes the red bloud ran,
 VVhose waues to imitate the battaile fought
 VVith swelling ridges, and their rankes began
 To breake vppon the galled shore, and than
 Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
 They ioine, & shoot their some at SIMOIS bancks.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
 To find a face where all distresse is steld,
 Manie shee sees, where cares haue carued some,
 But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,
 Till shee dispayring HECUBA beheld,
 Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
 V Which bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
 Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
 Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguiz'd,
 Of what shee was, no semblancè did remaine:
 Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
 V Wanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this sad shadow LVCRECE spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
 V Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
 The Painter was no God to lend her those,
 And therefore LVCRECE swears he did her wrong,
 To giue her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,
 Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
 And drop sweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
 And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
 And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,
 Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stur,
 That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
 Thy heat of lust fond PARIS did incur
 This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
 And here in Troy for trespasse of thine eye,
 The Sire, the sonne, the Dame and daughter die.

VVhy should the priuate pleasure of some one
 Become the publicke plague of manie more?
 Let sinne alone committed, light alone
 Vppon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe,
 For ones offence why should so many fall?
 To plague a priuate sinne in generall.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,
 Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS founds,
 Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
 And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,
 And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.

Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,
 TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
 For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
 So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil d pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,
 She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
 And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament:
 At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shew d content,
 Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

In

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceipt, and giue the harmlesse show
 An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,
 A brow vn bent that seem'd to welcome wo,
 Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,
 Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,
 He entertain'd a show, so seeming iust,
 And therein so ensconc't his secret euill,
 That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping Craft, and Periurie should thrust
 Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,
 Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew
 For periur'd SINOON, whose inchaunting storie
 The credulous old PRIAM after flew.
 VVhose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
 Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were sorie.
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 VVhē their glas fel, wherein they view'd their faces.

L

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This picture shee aduisedly perus'd, 1548
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
 Saying, some shape in SINONS was abus'd,
 So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,
 And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still, 1552
 Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,
 That shee concludes, the Picture was belied. 1554

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile, 1555
 (Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:
 But TARQVINS shape, came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, shee in that sence forlooke, 1559
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a face should beare a wicked mind. 1561

For euen as subtill SINON here is painted, 1562
 So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,
 (As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
 To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
 VVith outward honestie, but yet defild 1566
 VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:
 So did I TARQVIN, so my Troy did perish. 1568

Looke

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke looke how listning P R I A M wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed teares that S I N O N sheeds,
P R I A M why art thou old, and yet not wise?

1548

For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:

His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,

1552

Those roūd clear pearls of his that moue thy pittie,
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citty.

1554

Such Deuils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,

1555

For S I N O N in his fire doth quake with cold,

And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,

These contraries such vnitie do hold,

Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,

1559

So P R I A M trust false S I N O N s teares doth flatter,

That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

1561

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,

1562

That patience is quite beaten from her breast,

Shee tears the sencelesse S I N O N with her nailes,

Comparing him to that unhappie guest,

VVhose decde hath made herselfe, herselfe detest,

1566

At last shee smilingly with this giues ore,

Foole fool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

1568

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
 And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
 Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,
 And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.
 Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,
 Though wo be heauie, yet it seldome sleepes,
 And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

V Which all this time hath ouerslipt her thought,
 That shee with painted Images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own grieffe brought,
 By deepe surmise of others detriment,
 Loosing her woes in shews of discontent:
 It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
 To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,
 Brings home his Lord and other companie,
 V Who finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning black,
 And round about herteare-distained eye
 Blew circles stream'd, like Rain bows in the skie.
 These watergalls in her dim Element,
 Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

V Which

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VWhich when her sad beholding husband saw,
 Amazedlie in her sad face he stares:
 Her eyes though sod in tears look d red and raw,
 Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
 He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,
 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
 And thus begins: what vncouth ill cuent
 Hath thee befallne, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet loue what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
 VWhy art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
 Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,
 And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redresse.

Threetimes with sighes shee giues her sorrow fire,
 Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know
 Her Honor is taie prisoner by the Foe,
 VWhile COLATINE and his consoorted Lords,
 VVith sad attention long to heare her words.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,
 Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
 Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespasse best,
 VWhere no excuse can giue the fault amending.
 In me moe woes then words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
 Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
 VWhere thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head,
 And what wrong else may be imagined,
 By foule inforcement might be done to me,
 From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
 VVith shining Fauchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,
 And softly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
 And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For some hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
 Vnlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will
 Ile murther straight, and then ile slaughter thee,
 And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
 The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
 The lechors in their deed, this Act will be
 My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VVith this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
 I should not liue to speake another word.
 So should my shame still rest vpon record,
 And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome
 Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her Groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
 (And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
 My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to speake,
 No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there.
 His scarlet Lust came euidence to sweare
 That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
 And when the Iudge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
 Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
 Though my grosse bloud be staind with this abuse,
 Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,
 That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd
 To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,
 VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,
 VVith sad set eyes and wretched armes acrosse,
 From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
 The grieve away, that stops his answer so.
 But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,
 VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his hast:
 Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
 Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast:
 In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,
 Euen so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,
 To push grieve on, and back the same grief draw.
 VVhich

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

V Which speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,
 And his vntimelie frenzie thus awaketh,
 Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power, no floud by raining flaketh,
 My woe too sencible thy passion maketh
 More feeling painfull, let it than suffice
 To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
 For shee that wast thy LVCRECE, now attend me,
 Be sodainelie reuenged on my Foe.
 Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,
 “For sparing iustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,
 (Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)
 Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,
 VVith swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,
 For tis a meritorious faire designe,
 To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes;
 Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies
 M (harmes.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

At this request, with noble disposition,
 Each present Lord began to promise aide,
 As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
 But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,
 The protestation stops, ô speake quoth shee,
 How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
 Being constrayn'd with dreadfull circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the fowle act dispence
 My low declined Honor to aduance?
 May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
 The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,
 And why not I from this compelled staine?

VVith this they all at once began to saie,
 Her bodies staine, her mind vntainted cleares,
 VVhile with a ioyleffe smile, shee turnes awaie
 The face, that map which deepe impression beares
 Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.
 No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here

1695

1699

1701

1702

1706

1708

1709

1713

1715

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,
 Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, she saies,
 But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,
 Till after manie accents and delaies,
 Vntimelie breathings, sicke and short assaies,
 Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
 That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here she sheathed in her harmlesse breast
 A harmfull knife, that thence her soule vnshathed,
 That blow did baile it from the deepe vnrest
 Of that polluted prison, where it breathed:
 Her contrite sighes vnto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, & through her wouds doth flie
 Liues lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

Stone still, astonisht with this deadlie deed,
 Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
 Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
 Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,
 And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew
 The murtherous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And bubling from her brest, it doth deuide

1737

In two slow riuers, that the crimson bloud

Circles her bodie in on euerie side,

VWho like a late sack't lland vastlie stood

Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.

1741

Some of her bloud still pure and red remain'd,

And som look'd black, & that false TARQVIN stain'd.

1743

About the mourning and congealed face

1744

Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,

VWhich seemes to weep vpon the tainted place,

And euer since as pittying LVCRECE woes,

Corrupted bloud, some waterie token showes,

1748

And bloud vntainted, still doth red abide,

Blushing at that which is so putrified.

1750

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,

1751

That life was mine which thou hast here depriued,

If in the childe the fathers image lies,

VWhere shall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?

Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.

1755

If children prædecease progenitours,

VVe are their offspring and they none of ours.

1757

Poore

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,
 But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old
 Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
 O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,
 And shiuerd all the beautie of my glasse,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

25 O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should suruiue :
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue?
 The old Bees die, the young possesse their hiue,
 Then liue sweet LVCRECE, liue againe and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame,
 And bids LVCRECIUS giue his sorrow place,
 And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding streame
 He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
 And counterfaits to die with her a space.
 Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
 And liue to be reuenged on her death.

M 3

THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
 Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
 VWho mad that sorrow should his vse controll,
 Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
 VVeake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

1779

1783

1785

Yet sometime T A R Q V I N was pronounced plaine,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
 This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,
 Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.
 At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore,
 Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
 VWho shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

1786

1790

1792

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
 The father saies, shee's mine, ô mine shee is
 Replies her husband, do not take away
 My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
 He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,
 And onelic must be wayl'd by COLATINE.

1793

1797

1799

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life
 VWhich thee too earely and too late hath spil'd.
 VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, thee was my wife,
 I owed her, and tis mine that thee hath kil'd.
 My daughter and my wife with clamors fill'd
 The disperst aire, who holding LVCRECE life,
 Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife from LVCRECE side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies show,
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As feelie ieering idiots are with Kings,
 For sportiue words, and vttring foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
 VWherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedlie,
 To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.
 Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,
 Let my vnfounded selfe suppos'd a foole,
 Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
 Do wounds helpe wounds, or grieve helpe greivous
 Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow, (deeds?
 For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
 Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
 Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
 To slaie her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart
 In such relenting dew of Lamentations,
 But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
 To rowse our Romaine Gods with inuocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations.
 (Since Rome her self in thē doth stand disgraced,)
 By our strong arms frō forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
 And by this chaste bloud so vniustlie stained,
 By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
 By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
 And by chaste LVCRECE soule that late complained
 Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,
 VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This sayd, he strooke his hand vpon his breast
 And kilt the fatall knife to end his vow:
 And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
 VWho wondring at him, did his words allow.
 Then ioyntlie to the ground their kneces they bow,
 And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,
 He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

VWhen they had sworne to this aduised doome,
 They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,
 To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
 And so to publish TARQVINS fowle offence;
 VWhich being done, with speedie diligence,
 The Romaines plausibly did giue consent,
 To TARQVINS euerlasting banishment.

N

FINIS.

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Shakespeare, William,

Quarto facsimiles

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